Be Good For Teacher

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Be Good For Teacher

by trashbambi

Summary

As the last of his students filed out of the lecture hall, Will turned from where he was sorting papers on his desk. He caught sight of the man prowling down the steps toward him. He was the father of one of Will's first year students, a professor at another university. He was also the author of the paper they'd been analysing that day, 'Evolutionary Origins of Social Exclusion'.

Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

As the last of his students filed out of the lecture hall, Will turned from where he was sorting papers on his desk. He caught sight of the man prowling down the steps toward him. He was the father of one of Will's first year students, a professor at another university. He was also the author of the paper they'd been analysing that day, 'Evolutionary Origins of Social Exclusion'.

Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

He'd been coming to some of Will's lectures for the past three weeks. Dr. Lecter's admittedly handsome face had been familiar, but despite Will's near eidetic memory it had taken him an entire week to work out where he'd seen him before. It had been a small portrait that accompanied one of his older psychology papers.

They'd yet to talk to each other. Dr. Lecter had always been gone by the end of the previous lectures, slipped away silently without Will's notice. Which was a fairly unnerving feat considering the only way out other than an alarmed fire exit was the main entrance that was close to Will's desk.

Now it seemed Will had really caught his attention. Perhaps it had been how bitterly Will had derided one of the core points of his paper, rendering the rest of it useless.

"Dr. Lecter, so good of you to finally stick around after intruding on one of my lectures," Will snarked. He leant back against his desk, arms folded across his chest as he eyed the man before him. The pristine three piece made Will want to roll his eyes, the phrase 'pretentious asshole' springing to mind. He couldn't deny he did pull the look off with aplomb.

"Professor Graham. That was a very interesting lecture today. You seem to be very passionate about the subject of social exclusion," said Dr. Lecter, hands in his pockets as he came to a stop a comfortable distance away. The man's voice was like thick, sweet honey tricking down the nape of Will's neck. His self-assured posture, however, caused Will's figurative hackles to rise despite the attempt to slick them flat.

"What can I say? Your argument that social exclusion has its basis in evolution is asinine at best. Those so called cognitive 'adaptations' aren't adaptations so much as socially-conditioned biases. Of *course they contribute to social exclusion, they were socially maneuvered in the first place. However they don't have a biological basis and thus aren't evolutionary. They're the product of an inherently biased social caste structure. They're not bred in, they're learned. It's nurture not nature."*

Will's tone was fiery as he spoke, his eyes bright and by the end of his tirade he could feel his elevated pulse beating at his ribcage. There was very little that could compare to the rush that came from verbally knocking a smug bastard down a peg or two.

"Indeed you've opened my eyes to an angle I hadn't considered when writing that paper. I may write a follow up paper to address that perspective. However, I stand by my initial findings," Dr. Lecter conceded, though Will ignored this and ploughed on, seemingly unable

to stop his tirade now that he'd begun. It was a subject close to his heart, considering he'd been often pinned with the label of 'social outcast' himself.

"'Mechanisms that solve adaptive problems will be extremely specific in their functioning'. Well of course they will be. A higher caste excluding and excommunicating members of their fledgling social group, especially in youth, serves an extremely specific function. But while there's going to be a chemical structure to the thought process that encourages that kind of action, there's nothing to say that the action is caused by those chemicals, rather than the chemicals are caused by action. You can't blame chemistry for being an asshole, though being an asshole may in and of itself produce a certain chemistry."

Will's unwavering gaze was actually focussed on the rim of his glasses at this point, unable to look Dr. Lecter directly in the eyes with any comfort. Their colour too closely matched that honey'd tone of Dr. Lecter's voice. It made his insides twist uncomfortably with the realisation that he found this man far too attractive for his own good. And that made him even more determined to grind the pompous ass into the damn ground.

"Certain psychological conditions and deficiencies in the production of serotonin and related chemicals can create an altered mental state. This can directly contribute to the process of being socially excluded," Dr. Lecter countered, still seeming far too amused about the whole thing.

Will's jaw clenched as he forced back a snarl. He fiddled with his tie, loosening it to help stave off the annoying wave of heated arousal that tried to strangle his antagonistic words to a halt.

"That's not an evolutionary trait though. It's a coincidence. There's no direct correlation. Proper socialisation, adherence to niceties and observation of social norms, while not always possible to those with severe conditions, can often be subscribed to by those who aren't severely impacted." Will gesticulated with his hands as he spoke, punctuating his impassioned speech with sharp movements.

"Doing so throws the whole concept of social exclusion for evolutionary reasons out the window, because it doesn't work. Thus any kind of adaptation that had begun to develop wouldn't continue to do so. Nurture can overcome nature in certain circumstances. Outside those select circumstances, and without taking the time to specify, you're casting a broad net with many holes rather than making a focused point." He stopped for a moment, a slow scowl spreading over his features as he raked his eyes over Hannibal again.

"It's exactly the kind of sloppy theorizing I'd expect from someone whose more interested in creating a superficially impressive paper than one that actually gets to the heart of the matter."

"Perhaps you could test the theory of being an 'asshole' producing a certain chemistry on yourself, Professor Graham. You seem to have that angle thoroughly covered. Especially considering the manner in which you're behaving presently. One would think I'd hit a nerve." Lecter looked mixture of amused and slightly offended, as though he couldn't make up his mind which to feel. His stance was unchanged and almost as confident and

comfortable as ever, though Will noticed a slight upward tick in his top lip that suggested he was begging to wear down.

"Oh that's rich. Coming from a man who's only here because he sent his daughter to a 'lesser' institution and she actually likes it better than his stuffy old teaching. What's the matter daddy, feeling inadequate?" Will took what he knew was a cheap shot. He felt the intense need to do something, anything, to get further under this man's skin now he's made an opening, like Lecter's mere presence seemed to do to Will.

Once he'd worked out that Dr. Lecter was Abigail Lecter-Bloom's father, he'd taken more time to talk to the girl when she'd come up to him. She was very intelligent, but it was clear she had a crush on him. Though he disliked encouraging such things, this time he'd bent his own rules to find out more about her father. Abigail's mouth had a tendency to run away with her when speaking to someone she wanted to impress. She'd talked a fair amount about how her father would have preferred her to go to a better university.

It seemed that his potshot had hit home because there was a minute, but noticeable, shift in Dr. Lecter's expression. His self satisfied smirk lessened and the muscles around his eyes tightened, the fine lines fanning from the corners deepening. Will suddenly felt like a deer in the sights of a cougar. There was a distinct predatory feel to Hannibal now. The amiable but distant veneer that had shrouded him previously melting away as he began to advance on Will. Perhaps baiting this man who he knew near nothing about hadn't been such a smart idea.

"I'm feeling far from inadequate, boy. Perhaps you'd like a demonstration?" Lecter said as he stopped close, only a few inches separating them. Being called 'boy' in that stern tone of voice had an immediate and unexpected effect on Will, his cheeks heating. Will's stomach began to twist itself into knots at the proximity. It rendered him unable to think clearly enough for a moment that he failed to use Hannibal rising to the bait against him.

Lecter cut an intimidating figure when he wanted to. His shadow fell across Will, blotting out the light and casting a backlit glow around him almost like a halo. But no one who caused these kinds of feelings in Will could be angelic in any way unless it was the fallen kind.

The distance between them diminished even more when Lecter leant forward. Will drew himself up in an instinctual attempt to make himself seem bigger to the threat. Like a cat with it's back arched and hackles up, faced with a wolf. In response Hannibal hemmed Will in against his desk with a hand either side of his hips.

His gaze flitted across Hannibal's face, down his neck and shoulders. Will's chest tightened in anxiety, or anticipation, at this point he really wasn't sure. He caught the slight twitch of Hannibal's upper lip in a half restrained snarl and tight heat pooled in his groin.

Damn, it was anticipation.

Will opened his mouth to reply but the words stuck in his throat, brows furrowing and eyes settling on the knot of Lecter's tie. It took him a moment to dislodge what he wanted to say, and once he did his voice reflected his interest far too much for Will's liking.

“Are you threatening me, Dr. Lecter?” Will bit out, a flash of confidence and white hot irritation snapping his eyes up to bore into Hannibal’s.

“Not at all, dear boy. Quite the opposite in fact. If you’re agreeable that is?” Lecter said, lifting one hand from its place on the desk to instead hook a finger under Will’s chin. Will scowled and jerked his chin up, away from Lecter’s grip as Hannibal took a deep breath. Will realised he was smelling him, and his face twitched into a moue of disbelief. “Have you heard of Hyperosmia? I can smell the arousal coming off you in waves.”

Will wondered how they’d gone from him verbally dismantling Lecter’s paper to this in the space of mere minutes. The bottom of his stomach seemed to drop right out at Hannibal’s comment, and Will found himself incredibly turned on at that information.

“Do you enjoy being overpowered, feeling small and weak, Professor Graham?”

“Do you enjoy engaging in daddy kink with rude strangers, Doctor Lecter?” Will challenged, eyes still locked with Hannibal’s. He watched, fascinated as Hannibal’s pupils dilated and betrayed his want, along with the slight flare of his nostrils and the way he leaned almost imperceptibly closer.

“Perhaps you’d like to find out?” Hannibal said, and Will swallowed a thick moan, lust dropping down his spine like ice-water and making his skin prickle with gooseflesh.

He’d always had a little trouble telling the difference between what those he found attractive wanted to do, and what he hoped they wanted to do. But it seemed his hopes and the facts were one in the same in this case. Hopes that suddenly suckerpunched him in the gut as realised he did indeed want Hannibal to want him in return.

Will tore his gaze away from Hannibal’s at last, settling it on his shoulder instead and letting out a bemused chuckle.

“I wanted to tear apart your work, admittedly I was an asshole, I didn't expect to get roleplay out of it, I’ll admit to experiencing a little mental whiplash at that.” Will said as he swiped a hand over his face, briefly feeling as though it would serve him better to just give in and let Hannibal have his way.

“Yes, you were being rather rude weren’t you? Giving such well thought out counter arguments, then resorting to cheap insults about my teaching ability. Perhaps you’d like to make it up to me?”

“If you’re trying to get me on my knees, you’ll be sorely disappointed.” Will said, another burst of annoyance lancing through him.

“Perhaps you’d prefer to be bent over your desk instead?” Hannibal asked with a chuckle, pressing forward again until they were touching. He stroked his thumb over Will’s stubbled jaw, breath mingling as their lips hovered a couple of inches apart. Will’s breath and thoughts stuttered to a stop for a moment at the contact.

Did he want to do this? Give in to this man who he barely knew, in the middle of the day in a lecture hall where anyone could find them at any moment? The prospect had his cock straining with need, having filled out while they sniped back and forth. Will was sure all the blood was gone from his brain with how it was pooling there and in his cheeks.

He felt like an over tightened violin string, creaking and groaning and ready to snap with the slightest pressure from the bow. That pressure happened to be Hannibal's hands on his hips, gripping them tight enough to bruise. Will surged forward and their lips met, his hands flying up to Hannibal's shoulder and the back of his neck.

The kiss was short and hungry, Hannibal's lips soft and warm against Will's. The way Hannibal's tongue swept into his mouth for a moment, punctuating the action with a sharp thrust of the muscle, had Will's knees weakening. He keened as Hannibal pulled back, ceasing the kiss but stopped but a roughened chuckle and a hand in the hair at Will's nape stopped him.

"Perhaps my next paper should be on the continuation into adulthood of juvenile irritation tactics to gain the attention of a potential mate. One would think you're a schoolboy tugging on the pigtails of the girl he likes to make her cry, just to have her attention on him, what with your behaviour today."

"That kind of behaviour is the result of poor parenting, toxic masculinity preventing boys from expressing their feelings in healthy ways, and a gateway to abusive behaviour as an adult," Will said, though he was clearly distracted if his mumbled tone and visual fixation on Hannibal's lips was anything to go by, which it was.

"You would know," Hannibal chuckled and Will's eyes snapped up. He growled his annoyance at the dig and began to reach out to drag Hannibal into a kiss to shut him up. His arm was grabbed and twisted behind him, the motion forcing Will to turn until he was being bent over his own desk, Hannibal's free hand on his hip. The action startled Will and he let out a soft cry, heart racing at being pinned so completely.

Will struggled slightly, though this just pressed his rear back into Hannibal's crotch and groaned as he felt Hannibal's erection pressing against him through their clothes.

"If you can't be quiet, dear boy, I'm going to have to gag you. We can't have just anyone overhearing and coming to check on the disturbance, can we?" Hannibal said. He leaned over Will so they were pressed flush, using his body weight to pin Will's arm against the small of his back.

With both hands free Hannibal reached around Will with one, giving his cock a firm squeeze before unfastening his trousers. The grope had Will choking back a whine, hips bucking into the pressure. The movement sent a sharp twinge of pain up his trapped and twisted arm and he bit out a curse of discomfort.

"Hush, or I'll make you hush," Hannibal said against Will's ear, pulling Will's belt from its loops. He pulled back and released Will's arm as he fixed the belt into a loop again.

Will should stop this going any further, he knew he should. If someone found them like this he'd be fired.

But god this was so hot. Will had always had a thing for older men. He'd often fantasized about this hot professor he used to have when he attended university himself. Imagined a situation like this far too many times to count. It didn't matter that he was in his late thirties now. Hannibal exuded that old school professor vibe that had Will weak with want.

He felt like a misbehaving schoolboy, talking back to the teacher, arguing with them and making a scene in front of the class, questioning their authority. The thoughts had him whimpering in arousal.

Instead of putting the belt to the side, Hannibal slid the loop he'd made of it over Will's head, pressing the leather into his mouth while Will was distracted by his silent musings.

Will jerked in surprise as he was snapped out of his thoughts by the belt in his mouth, head rearing back as the loop was tightened and the belt turned into a makeshift gag. His glasses were knocked askew and Hannibal gently removed them, placing them to the side with great care, in contrast with the rest of his current behaviour.

"I did warn you, dear boy. All those lustful noises of yours are going to get us into trouble. Perhaps this will help keep them to a minimum," Hannibal told him, and Will's jaw clenched around the obstruction. He reached up to remove it but stopped as Hannibal tugged at the loose end, yanking his head back sharply.

"Be good for Daddy now. If you do I'll give you a reward," Hannibal said, leaning forward once more, one hand keeping the belt taut. The other reached around Will again, gripping his cock firmly and giving it a short, quick stroke.

Will bit into the gag and let out a stifled noise as Hannibal stroked him. It was a little too dry, and the drag of skin on skin as Hannibal handled him with only a light sweat as lube was almost uncomfortable.

It was also perfect.

Will choked on a soft sob and writhed beneath Hannibal, his eyes fluttering closed as his head dropped. The movement had the gag biting into the corners of his mouth, quickly making them sore. Hannibal tugged at the other end of the belt again, forcing Will's head up. Will's hands scrabbled against the top of the desk for something to hold on to, nails catching on the grain of the wood and leaving faint marks.

"Be a good boy for Daddy," Hannibal purred, nipping at the shell of Will's ear, sending shivers down his spine. The pressure on the belt lessened, and instead Will felt the press of fingers into his hair, twisting and tugging his head into whatever position Hannibal desired.

The manhandling had Will's cock straining in Hannibal's hand. He felt soft lips trailing across his cheekbone, and then down to the corner of his mouth, pressing a kiss to where the edge of the leather met skin.

Will wrenched his eyes half open, breathing heavily through his nose as he gazed blearily at Hannibal. He then eyed the door to their right, glad it was closed. Hannibal gave a teasing pinch to the head of Will's cock and he jerked violently at the sharp stimulation. His jaw worked against the belt, wanting to beg. Spit began to roll down Will's chin.

"That's it, calm down now. If you'd like me to stop, tap out three times on the desk. Understand?" Hannibal asked, and Will gave a sharp nod, letting out a harsh huff. Hannibal smiled and pressed another kiss to Will's cheek, before letting go of his hair. His head dropped again, resting his forehead against the cool wood of the desk he was folded over.

The next thing Will's lust fevered brain knew, his trousers and underwear were being pulled down completely and Hannibal was knelt behind him. The loss of that large, warm hand against his cock had Will keening. The belt was tugged taut to keep Will's head pulled up, Hannibal's hand resting against the small of Will's back and holding the end of the belt there.

A hand on Will's rear, pulling a cheek to the side, was all the warning he got before something hot and wet trailed a molten stripe over his perineum and hole. It took him almost half a minute to work out what was happening, the unfamiliar sensations short circuiting his brain.

He could barely think think of anything past the warm, wet mouth and tongue against his entrance. The edge of the desk bit uncomfortably into his cock where it was pressed against it, pre-cum dripping sluggishly from the tip toward the floor.

When he did realise what Hannibal was doing, his face felt as though it was burning. A hand shot back to grasp at Hannibal's arm, nails digging into the fine fabric of his suit. It sent waves of embarrassment and a kind of ashamed arousal rolling through him, twisting his stomach and making it flutter at the same time. Will let out a high noise of distress and confusion.

"Has no one done this to you before?" Hannibal asked, his breath ghosting over Will's hole. Will shuddered and shook his head. He'd been with his fair share of people, but this was one act that had never come up. It felt shockingly good and horrifyingly shameful at the same time.

"Well, it pleases me know know I'm the first to do this to you, then." Hannibal nipped at Will's cheek and sucked a dark mark into the skin before returning to the task at hand. It wasn't long before the tongue lapping and pressing at his entrance had Will's knees weak and in danger of giving out.

Will slammed his fist against the desk, rocking back against Hannibal's mouth with a muffled, needy whine. Now his cock was leaking freely where it hung heavy between his thighs, a string of precum dripping from the slit had adhered to his thigh.

"Look at you. So needy. Would you like something in you?" Hannibal said, rubbing the pad of a finger against the slick, puckered skin. Will choked a gasp around the gag, fumbling for the drawer on the other side of the desk and opening it, pulling out some hand cream that he'd guiltily used as lube more than once before, so knew was safe.

He pushed it back at Hannibal, unable to turn his head while it was being pulled so far back by the belt. The corners of his mouth were sore and probably turning red, and he spared a thought for how he'd explain that away afterward.

Hannibal took the bottle presented to him, and chuckled, checking the ingredients list just to be safe, before flicking open the cap and squirting a liberal amount onto two fingers.

"Lets see how quickly we can open you up for me, hmm?" Hannibal said, standing again and letting go of the belt, which caused Will's head to fall forward. The leather slipped from his mouth and Will worked his jaw to ease the ache, breathing unsteady.

"Please… fuck please do it quickly." Will begged, pressing himself back against the fingers now circling his hole.

"Please who?" Hannibal prompted, using his other hand to land a light slap to Will's rear in reprimand.

"Please Da-Daddy!" Will said in a gasp, muscles in his belly clenching as he spoke. Fuck that was too hot, Will ached with need, hips twitching back against those fingers and forward again to try and find some friction for his neglected cock.

"There's my good boy." Hannibal said, pushing two fingers into Will in a smooth motion. Will pressed his knuckles between this teeth to stifle what would undoubtedly be a too loud moan at the intrusion. Being suddenly full felt better than he remembered, Will's back arching to drive those fingers deeper as they started to pump and and out.

Hannibal reached to stroke WIll's cock again and he choked on a whimper, his own hand gripping at Hannibal's wrist to stop him. The action had Hannibal halting all movement, much to Will's dismay.

"Do we need to stop?" Hannibal asked carefully and Will shook his head, catching his breath for a moment.

"No.. no I just… fuck I'll cum too soon if you do both at once." Will admitted, much to his own mortification as having to say it. He'd always been over sensitive, quick to go off if he had to deal with more than one point of pleasure at a time when he was this worked up.

Hannibal chuckled in response, causing Will to scowl his annoyance over his shoulder as Hannibal's hand retreated, leaving only the fingers pressed into him. Instead he placed that hand on Will's hip, stroking soothing circles on the supple skin with his thumb.

"Your sensitivity is endearing, however I'll refrain from giving you too much stimulation if that's your worry. I wouldn't want to wear out my good boy before he's been nice and filled. Perhaps I ought to speed things up, hmm?" Hannibal said, and Will's knees gave out beneath him at being called a good boy.

Hannibal held Will steady with an arm around his waist as he added a third finger, stretching Will with ruthless efficiency, Will returning to biting his knuckles too hard so he'd keep quiet.

Then Hannibal was withdrawing his hand and Will's brain was too fogged up with lust to follow what transpired between then and the feeling of the blunt head of Hannibal's cock pressing into him.

He was big. Bigger than the three fingers Hannibal had used to open him up. The stretch was almost too much and Will began to let out a stream of expletives as Hannibal leaned over him. His too loud cursing was swallowed down as Hannibal forced his head to the side and locked their mouths together. It was difficult to make much noise when his mouth was full of twice the usual amount of tongue.

After a moment of adjustment that was slightly too brief for Will, Hannibal began to move, each powerful thrust rocking Will's body against the desk and betraying how worked up Hannibal was. This was quick and hard, the movements designed to get them both off in the shortest but most pleasurable amount of time, and it was certainly working.

It wasn't often that Will was able to cum without direct stimulation to his cock, but he'd be damned if this wasn't one of those times. Hannibal's dick jabbed harshly at his prostate with each thrust, leaving him slack jawed against Hannibal's lips, saliva dripping down his chin as Hannibal lapped at the cavern of his mouth.

Will found he couldn't make any noise now, his brain so fogged up with need that his vocal chords wouldn't respond. All he could do was force out ragged pants every time Hannibal pushed into him, driving the air from his lungs. He barely registered the almost growled praise Hannibal was showering him with between open mouthed kisses, but as he did he finally let out a thin, high whine.

His hands scrabbled against the top of the desk for support as Hannibal's mouth moved from his, down to Will's neck instead. He tugged the neck of Will's shirt to the side and bit down, pulling his head to the side by his hair for better access. The bite had Will tensing, letting out short, sharp huffs as his cock leaked against the edge of the desk.

"Please… f-fuck please. Daddy… need to cum. So close." Will managed to force the words free, quiet but enough for Hannibal to hear him. The words had Hannibal biting down harder, teeth bruising and almost tearing at the skin trapped between them. Will felt tears forming in his eyes at the pain of it.

"Then cum for me, boy. Or do you need Daddy's hand on you?"

"H-hand… your hand please!" Will said, and sagged in relief as he felt a strong hand mercifully wrap around his cock. From there only it took a few thrusts against Will's prostate, and a couple of sharp jerks of Hannibal's hand, before Will was spilling over his fingers with a too loud moan.

Hannibal swallowed it down with a kiss, though he let out a strained noise of his own as Will tightened around him in a vice grip. Hannibal's hips gave a series of short, uneven jerks as he emptied himself inside Will.

It was then that Will hazily realised they hadn't used any protection. Besides the obvious health concerns, it mean he'd spend the rest of the day with Hannibal's seed leaking from

him. The thought had him shuddering, a hot spike of arousal wracking his spent body.

They stayed in that position as they caught their breaths, Will bent over the desk with Hannibal's hand loose around his cock, and Hannibal draped over his back, face buried against Will's neck, nuzzling the bite mark lightly.

"Heavy…" Will muttered after a moment, a slightly shaking hand pushing and smacking weakly at whatever part of Hannibal he could reach to get him to move. Hannibal chuckled and pulled away. Will twisted to look over his shoulder at the way Hannibal watched himself slip from Will's body, a look of unrestrained hunger on his face at the sight of his semen spilling from Will and dropping between his thighs.

Will grabbed the box of tissues from his desk and wiped himself and the desk clean, offering one to Hannibal for his hand. As Hannibal cleaned himself up, Will settled his clothes back into some semblance of order. Will leant against his desk as he had been when Hannibal first approached him, fighting the awkward nervousness that was beginning to make itself known now his head wasn't addled by lust. The position sent a dull ache creeping up his back where his ass pressed against the unforgiving wood.

"We didn't use…"

"I'm happy to show you my latest results. I assure you I'm clean. And my sense of smell can pick up the scent of most STIs. I'm fairly certain you're also clean."

"Y-yeah I am, I can show you my results." Will said, caught off guard by Hannibal's words and feeling off kilter after what just happened. It felt almost too normal, too comfortable. He was sure he should be feeling a lot more shame and embarrassment over what had just transpired. But he didn't, all he felt was the gnawing pang of hunger that indicated it really was past time for lunch. "Do you want to… to get coffee or something? My classes are done for the day."

"Perhaps you'd agree to accompany me for lunch? I had planned to cook, I'm sure I have enough ingredients to stretch the meal to the both of us." Hannibal said, looking almost as though he hadn't just fucked Will to within and inch of his brain completely melting. The only sign anything had happened as the slightly crumpled appearance of his suit, and the fine flush still clinging to his high cheekbones.

"Sure… I mean, if that's not too much trouble." Will said, moving to grab and pack his bag. He started at a hand on his hip, pulling him back against Hannibal, who leant in to press a kiss to his ear.

"And perhaps after, you'd indulge me again? Perhaps this time you'd like to take control?" Hannibal suggested, so self-assured and confident that this wouldn't scare Will off. Will shivered at the hot breath against his cheek as Hannibal spoke and gave a short nod, heat already coiling low in his gut though his body needed more time to recover first.

"Yeah… as long as you stop turning up to my classes and distracting all my students with that face of yours."

“I take it you also enjoy my face?”

“Shut up before I start in on some of your other papers.” Will huffed, and Hannibal just chuckled, pressing a last kiss to Will’s cheek before pulling away.

“Come then, my boy. my car is in the staff lot.” Hannibal said, guiding Will toward the door with a hand on the small of his back, the contact making Will’s cheeks heat.

End Notes

plz feed me ur comments and kudos, I am a very hungry boy. I require fuel.

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A big thank you to Maydei, Dusk, and others who helped with the academese, without them that big brain foreplay would have not happened because I do not have a big enough brain to work that shit out on my own lmao

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